

No Dragons Allowed

by LeisaTheGreat

Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Friendship, Humor

Language: English

Characters: Hiccup, Toothless

Status: Completed

Published: 2014-03-03 12:01:31

Updated: 2014-03-15 12:39:36

Packaged: 2016-04-26 17:58:00

Rating: T

Chapters: 13

Words: 18,854

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: The teens compete in their tribe's annual survival competition. But the first rule this year: no dragons allowed! How will this go over with Hiccup's protective Night Fury, Toothless? And more importantly, how will the Hooligan tribe's clumsiest Viking fair alone in the wilderness...? Moments of Hiccstrid. Rating changed to T because of climax.

1. Preface

Preface****

A/N: Okay... So, this is just going to be pure silliness, basically. I don't write enough light-hearted humor-type things so...here you go. :D My mom and I came up with these scenarios while we were at work and I thought they'd be pretty fun for your guys to read. I've compiled them into a story and now it's on the internet. XD Enjoy!****

* * *

><p>It's early morning on the tiny island of Berk. Songbirds flutter about among the frost-covered trees as the sun slowly rises above the forest. Within one of the sturdy, wooden homes, a pair of emerald eyes flutters open, a yawn escaping their owner's lips.<p>

Toothless rolls onto his back and stretches his legs into the air, his tongue flopping out of his mouth as another yawn escapes him. The dragon blinks tiredly and cranes his neck to look out the window. Good, it's still early. That means he and Hiccup will have time for a nice, long flight before they have to go to the Academy.

And speaking of his human... Hiccup is being awfully quiet this morning. Normally, Toothless can hear his young Rider's breaths as he sleeps on the bed. But now, he can't hear a thing. With a confused little croon, the Night Fury rolls back over and glances over the

foot of the bed, his pupils going narrow when he realizes...

The bed is...empty?

Black ears perk up as Toothless listens to the rest of the house, thinking maybe Hiccup is downstairs. But, again, he hears nothing... This is strange. Hiccup never goes anywhere without his dragon... And he certainly never wakes up before Toothless. The Night Fury hops to his feet and runs to the stairs, half-jumping down to the lower level of the Haddock house.

Where could Hiccup have gone? And why wouldn't he wake Toothless before he left...? He hopes his little human is okay.

Once downstairs, Toothless finds himself staring at the front door. It's closed... He looks down at his paws and tilts his head. He knows how to open the door...or, at least how Hiccup opens the door. But can he do the same...? He's never tried... So, with a little determined snort, he stands up on his hind legs, the top of his head brushing the ceiling as he reaches out with his clumsy front feet.

His claws scrape against the wood of the door and screech down the metal handle that humans so easily grab. Glaring intensely, Toothless gives the door a good push...and it swings open, sending the off-balance Night Fury tumbling onto the porch.

Feeling slightly embarrassed, Toothless stands up again and shakes his head, glancing around the village before him. Most everyone is still asleep. All the windows are dark... But Stoick hadn't been home. So maybe he's up and knows where his son is! Heck, Hiccup might even be with him.

With that hope in mind, Toothless takes off in the direction of the Great Hall, where his Rider's father spends most of his day...

* * *

><p>"Oh, Stoick! What's there to be worried about?"<p>

That is the first thing Toothless hears when he enters the Hooligan tribe's meeting hall. And there, sitting at one of the many long tables, is Hiccup's father. And Stoick doesn't exactly seem to be in a good mood either. He's currently hunched over a map of the island, a mug of alcohol in his hand. He seems nervous...

Mulch and Bucket are sitting across from him, obviously trying to cheer their chief up. "All the teens compete. Hiccup'll be fine!" Mulch tries again, nudging Bucket with his elbow for some encouragement.

"Yeah, it's not like Hiccup is tinier and weaker than the others...or that he has a tendency of getting into sticky situations or anything!" Bucket says, offering a 'sly' wink to his companion.

Of course, that only earns him an irritated groan...

"I think what Bucket is trying to say, Stoick, is that your boy will be okay in the competition. He's smart and, for the first time, we don't even have to worry about wild dragons either!"

But Stoick only sighs and takes a swallow of his drink. "I know that." He grumbles. "I just wish Gobber would have said something before whisking them off into the woods..."

"Oh well...you know Gobber..." Mulch laughs. "You never quite know what he's going to do next... Haha..."

"And that's exactly why I'm nervous." Stoick tells them. "He forgets he's dealing with teenagers. He might go overboard with them..."

"I'm sure it'll be nothing like last year!" Bucket chimes. "Besides, it's not like the kid bled out! Pigbutt can even count to fifteen again! I can't even do that..."

Stoick can only shiver at the memory of last year's competitors. And needless to say, his friends' "pep-talk" isn't helping much... But that's when he spots Toothless slinking over to his table, looking confused and a bit worried.

His son's Night Fury coos at him and sits down, asking the silent question.

"Ahh, you must be wondering where Hiccup has gone..." Mumbles the chief. He reaches down and pats the dragon's scaly head. "Well, I wish we could have given you some prior notice but Hiccup is going to be gone for a few days... Apparently, Gobber likes to 'spontaneous' when it comes the Annual Survival Competition."

Toothless tilts his head, his ears perking.

"Well you see, Toothless," Mulch kneels down in front of the intelligent dragon, knowing he'll understand. "Every year, the newest teenagers on the island are taken into the woods to learn how to survive on their own. It's kind of a tradition of ours, builds character!"

Toothless only blinks, wondering why humans are so fascinated by competitions... First the kill ring, then the Thawfest games, and now this? Sheesh...he just doesn't understand why Vikings seem to enjoy putting their lives in danger so much.

But that doesn't really matter because he knows Hiccup isn't like that. His poor Rider must have been pressured into it, as usual. He must be miserable... Especially if he had to leave his best friend behind! So, with that, Toothless gets up and heads for the door, deciding to track his human down and keep him company while he's forced to prove himself to his fellow Vikings...

But he's stopped by Stoick's voice.

"Ah, ah, ah! I don't think so, Toothless!" He says, standing up. "As much as it would make me feel better having you with Hiccup, any unfair advantages is not allowed. And I'm afraid dragons fall under that category..." He pats Toothless's head and smiles, apologetically. "So no following him, got it?"

Toothless only growls quietly and folds back his ears. They expect him to let Hiccup fend for himself out in the wilderness for days?

Has everyone lost their minds?

Then again...the other Riders are out there too. That means Hiccup at least has Astrid with him... That does serve as a little comfort to the annoyed Night Fury. But still, this is going to be a long few days...

* * *

><p>AN: And there you have it! Preface complete! I hope liked it but keep in mind this is just set up. Next chapter will focus around Hiccup and the actual competition. See you in the legit chapter one! :D**_

2. Chapter One

**Chapter One**

**A/N: A bit more set-up but this time, it actually pertains to Hiccup and the other Riders. Also a bit of Hiccstrid in this chapter. Enjoy!**

**In response to...**

Ninuhuju: **If they come across a dragon that is going to eat them, it's fine because that means they're surviving. (Which is the point of the competition) but if it's just to cheat, then no.**

The Wolf Raven: **It did feel like a long wait, didn't it? (For me too, I couldn't figure out a certain part of the outline until recently.) So sorry about that :) But thanks for the 'birthday' wishes. XD I'm really excited I've been on this website for a whole year!**

OinkyThePiggy: **I'm not planning on anything serious but there will be a few cases of...discomfort. XD***>

* * *

><p>By the time Gobber decides that this is far enough into the woods, the teens are panting heavily and leaning on their knees for support. The older Viking glances around their little clearing with a proud look on his face, totally oblivious to how exhausted the Riders are.<p>

They all look disheveled and sleepy, having been woken in the middle of the night and dragged out here with only a leather water pouch and, in Hiccup's case, a notebook and charcoal pencil. Because, of course, they're expected to make everything else. It wouldn't be a 'survival' competition if they were given everything, after all!

"Alright, kids!" Gobber announces in a voice that is just a little too loud. "I assume you all know why you're here!"

"Well, I'd imagine we all know..." Astrid grumbles as she rubs her groggy eyes. "Seeing as how you tramped into our houses and woke us up by saying 'time for the Annual Survival Competition'..."

"And then proceeded to pull us out of bed by our ankles..." Hiccup agrees in a grumpy tone.

"Ah, get a sense of humor!" Gobber laughs. "This competition is fun! It builds character!"

"Sure, until you become a wild boar's chew toy!" Snotlout barks.

"Pshaw, that only happened once! What are the chances of another Pigbutt incident?"

"Well..." Fishlegs begins timidly. "Wild boar _are_ pretty common around these parts... And it happens to be mating season so...they're going to be even more territorial than usual."

"UGHHHH!" All the other teens groan in unison.

"Thank you, Fishlegs..." Gobber growls. "But no need to worry! I've surveyed this area thoroughly to make sure it's safe for you kids!"

The teens quiet down again and reluctantly return their attention to the older Viking. "So, what _exactly_ _are_ we supposed to do?" Hiccup wonders.

"Survive." His mentor shrugs, as if this is clearest answer in the world. "You'll need food, water, shelter, the works."

"And how long does this 'competition' last?" Astrid chips in.

That's when Gobber's lips curl into a devious little smile. He chuckles to himself before saying, "One week!"

"ONE WEEK?!" The Riders repeat in horror.

"But last year was only three days!" Snotlout complains.

"Yeah, and that kid Pigbutt still managed to get his head chewed on by a wild boar!" Tuffnut says. Then, after a moment of thought, he glances at his sister and grins. "Why don't you try that sometime? Sounds fun!"

Ruffnut growls and wacks him over the shoulder.

"But you're forgetting," Gobber says. "Last year _and_ _every_ year before that, we've had to worry about dragons. But now, thanks to Hiccup,"

Every eye cuts to Gobber's apprentice, who flinches at the mention of his name.

"We don't need to worry about that anymore! So the competition can last even longer!"

"Great..." Astrid sighs.

"Good job, Hiccup!" Snotlout hisses in annoyance. "You just _had_ to tame a dragon, didn't you?"

"Hey, it's not my fault!" He tells them. "Besides, you guys have dragons too!"

"Yeah, and a lot of help they are now! Seriously, you couldn't have waited until after the stupid survival trip?"

Hiccup rolls his eyes. "Because if I had, then I would have had to kill the dragon in the Arena. Umm, your dragon, Snotlout."

"Pff, as if you could take down Hookfang!" Snotlout makes an aggressive move toward the other boy but is stopped by Astrid, who grabs the horn of his helmet and yanks him backwards.

"Alright, alright!" Gobber interrupts, looking irritated that they're already fighting. "Here are the rest of the rules: One, you can stay together as a group or each go their own way. Two, whenever you hear me blow my horn, you come back to this spot for a special challenge and a headcount to make sure no one has gotten lost. And three, no unfair advantages! And that means dragons..."

Again, they all groan.

"So, what will it be?" He asks them. "Stay as a group or separate?"

"Well no way am I spending a week in the woods with Hiccup! I'm going alone." Snotlout announces.

Hiccup frowns at him. "Snotlout, don't be ridiculous. You realize that means being completely alone. In the woods. At night. For a week."

"Yeah, I heard him!" The loudmouthed boy assures him. He's already stomping off toward the treeline, ready to prove to everyone that he can survive better than all of them combined.

"Idiot..." Astrid grumbles. "Gobber, can we stay together even if Snotlout is on his own?"

The Blacksmith seems to think about this for a moment. He taps his chin, his mouth puckered into a thoughtful expression. "Nope, sorry kids. If one of you is alone, you all have to be alone. That's only fair."

"Ughhh, stupid Snotlout!" Ruff groans.

"Yeah, I was looking forward to telling stories around a campfire." Tuff whines. "I have a really good one about the time Ruff got her butt stuck in a-" But he doesn't get a chance to finish before his sister's fist connects with his jaw.

"I told you never to talk about that!" She barks.

Behind them, Hiccup sighs. "You know what, maybe being alone is a better idea than I thought."

And Astrid nods, frowning at the twins. "My feelings exactly."

"B-but..." Fishlegs stammers. He hadn't intended on being alone in this... "What about the boars? And bears? And snakes and bugs..."

"Fishlegs..." Hiccup moans and places a hand on his friend's shoulder. "Boars don't kill for meat, bears are hibernating this time of year, snakes are cold-blooded and there are no dangerous bugs on Berk. In other words, you'll be fine." He assures him.

"You're sure...?"

"Positive." Hiccup removes his hand and turns back to Gobber. "Anything else?"

"Nope, just don't forget to show up when you hear the horn."

"Got it." With that, Hiccup turns to his fellow Dragon Riders. "Okay guys, I guess we'll see each other when we hear a horn."

The twins exchange awkward looks before punching each other roughly in the arm and stalking off in opposite directions. Fishlegs swallows, grips his water pouch to his chest and tentatively sneaks into the treeline. Even Gobber wanders off after a moment... Leaving only Hiccup and Astrid, who both seem a little unsure themselves.

"Well, good luck." Astrid says with tiny smile.

Hiccup nods, offering an equally coy grin. "You too, Astrid. And...be careful."

She chuckles. "Thanks. Make sure you keep an eye open for boars, bears, snakes and bugs..."

He laughs, his nose crinkling in amusement. "Will do."

Then, after another moment of hesitation, they both set off in opposite directions, knowing they'll be tempted to stay together if they go the same way...

* * *

><p>AN: Yay Hiccstrid and characterization. I hope no one was OOC... Thanks for reading and don't forget to leave one of those wonderful things called a review :D**_

3. Chapter Two

**Chapter Two**

**A/N: AHHHHHHHHHHHH I ACCIDENTALLY SKIPPED A CHAPTER! GOD DANGIT! XDDD**

**In response to...**

sauara: **Well, that's just how he is :)**

Jesusfreak: **Aww, I love hearing that people wake up and read my stories! Thanks :D**

aad: **OOC means out of character (a person not acting the way they normally would) Whenever you're curious about a chapter posting, check out my profile. (I keep it updated as to when/if a chapter will be posted the next day). And thank you :) I'm glad you think so.**

Greath: **Thank you :) I'm glad the characters sounded right (I was worried about that...) And yay! That's awesome that you think it's that good!**

Ninuhuju: **Hiccstrid is my weakness... :3**

The Wolf Raven: ***Happy author squeel* You're so nice! XD This is a stand alone fic, unrelated to Fire or anything else. **

* * *

><p>"Uhhhh..." Hiccup is currently standing at the base of one of the many tall pine trees that fill Berk's forests. Its sweet-smelling, half-decayed needles litter the ground, making the dirt at this particular spot softer than anywhere else he's found yet.<p>

The perfect spot for a camp.

But the teen's arms are folded over his stomach, a very uncomfortable expression on his freckled face. _I should know how to do this... _He tells himself. _Dad used to take me camping all the time...back when he still had hope of being becoming Viking-ly. _But he bites his lip, hating the fact that most of the time, he had been more fascinated with the idea of going troll hunting than actually learning how to survive on his own...

So yes, he _should_ know how to do this...

But he doesn't.

Most of the other teens must know...

But he doesn't.

They probably already have a shelter set up...

But he can't even decide on what to do first.

"Oh come on." Hiccup tells himself, trying to get motivated when all he wants to do is crawl back into bed. "I can do this... If there's one thing I'm good at, it's making things... It can't be _that_ hard..." So, biting his lip, he glances around the tiny patch of woods. He does remember what his father's hunting shelters used to look like...so all he has to do is recreate that image. That shouldn't be too difficult. ...right? "Okay I need...uhhh...branches, I guess."

Setting down his leather water pouch and notebook, he clumsily ducks through the trees, finding a fallen branch about ten feet away. He scoops it up, trying to find an easy way of carrying it since it's almost the same height he is... He puffs out a sigh and trudges back toward the pine tree, using it as a marker to where his camp will eventually be. He tosses the branch down...and pauses.

"Great. That's one... But I'll need about twenty more..." With a pained groan, he rakes a hand through his hair. _This would be a lot easier if I'd had more than two hours of sleep..._

* * *

><p>By the time Hiccup has his shelter set up, it's already getting pretty light out. Must be about six or seven in the morning now... But still, he stands back from his handiwork and smiles, tiredly. It's just a sloppy little pile of twigs and branches that makes a rickety roof over his head...but at least it's something.<p>

So, with a deep yawn, Hiccup stretches his arms above his head and decides to get a few more hours of sleep before doing anything else. After all, the next thing he'll need is food and hunting when you're half asleep is _not_ a good thing to do.

The sleepy boy sets his notebook and canteen aside and crawls into his makeshift shelter, leaning his head on his arms. He closes his eyes...and wills himself to doze off.

_I hope Dad thinks to tell Toothless where I am...otherwise, he'll probably panic when he finds me missing... _Eyes still shut tight, his lips tug into a frown. _A whole week without Toothless...? _He nearly groans at the idea of seven days without his best friend. The poor dragon will be so bored and he won't even be able to fly...

With a long sigh, Hiccup rolls over, unable to fall asleep with all these worries in his mind. He can picture Toothless waking him up, ready to go flying, only to find him gone... What if he gets hungry and Stoick is too busy to notice? Toothless can fend for himself but...it still makes Hiccup nervous.

And what about the other dragons? Will the adults be able to handle them while the Riders are away...? What if the Terrible Terrors get into Mulch and Bucket's cod nets again? What if a Monstrous Nightmare catches the barns on fire like last month? What if...what if...

"Ugh!" Hiccup sits up, frustrated that his ever-thinking mind won't let him rest. Why is he so freaked out? His father and the others know how to take care of dragons...no need to be such a worry-wart!

And yet...he still finds himself fidgeting when he thinks about the very real possibility of his Night Fury burning their house down out of frustration... Toothless _can_ get a little temperamental at times...

"What if-"

CRACK!

Hiccup freezes at the sound. Straining to listen, he wonders what that noise had been. _It was...probably nothing. _He tells himself. And he's just about to lay back down and forget all his worries when-

CRUNCH!

Shooting back up into a sitting position, he struggles to listen past the fearful thumping of his heart. What could it be?! A boar? A bear? He swallows in fear as he crawls out of his shelter but just as he gets to his feet-

"AGH!" He yelps in terror as something large slams into his back and knocks him to the ground. Hiccup instinctively folds his arms over his head, cringing as the whatever-it-is seems to...lick him? Wait... He peeks out of the corner of his eye and realizes...
"TOOTHLESS?!"

The Night Fury coos affectionately and licks his Rider's cheek as he begins to purr. It had taken an annoying amount of time to track him down in these woods but hey, at least they're together again! With that blissful thought, he nuzzles his snout against Hiccup's forehead.

And despite the terror of only a moment ago, Hiccup can't contain his smile. It's only Toothless... "Hey, bud. What are you doing here?" He asks, pushing the dragon away so he can sit up. "Didn't my dad tell you what's going on?" Frowning, he remembers the rules of the competition. "You're not supposed to be here, buddy..."

But Toothless ignores his words. He is now curiously sniffing at Hiccup's makeshift shelter, wondering why he put such a silly-looking thing together...

Hiccup groans and stands up. "Toothless!"

A pair of innocent, green eyes turn to face him. Hiccup's dragon whimpers pathetically, pleading his Rider not to send him home...

And Hiccup winces at the sight of it. "Ohhh...come on, bud...don't be like that..."

But Toothless only folds back his ears and sits down, staring bashfully at his human, all the while purring and slowly wagging his tail.

"I didn't make the rules...!" Hiccup tries again, although his voice sounds weaker this time. "I'd love for you to stay but it's not allowed..."

This time, Toothless's whine is so sad it's almost pathetic. That dragon is playing him like a panpipe and Hiccup knows it... But still...

"Toothless..." Hiccup moans, shifting his weight as he looks around the campsite. No one is around... No one would ever know... And...and as long as he doesn't use his dragon to win then...it wouldn't hurt, right? So, with a deep sigh, he says, "Fine, you can stay."

With a huge, gummy smile, Toothless jumps to his feet. He bounces around the camp, flapping his wings and cooing joyfully.

"Hey, hey!" Hiccup calls, his arms out to settle the Night Fury. "You can stay." He repeats. "But I have a few conditions."

Toothless stops hopping around and stares at Hiccup, waiting for his rules.

"First, you can't help me with anything. That would be cheating."

The dragon nods.

"Second, if anyone gets near this spot, you have to hide. I don't want anyone knowing you're here."

Again, Toothless accepts this.

"And lastly, when we hear a horn, I have to leave but I want you to stay here. I'll be back eventually but you cannot follow me. Got it?"

His friend snorts and gets up, seemingly okay with these conditions as long as he gets to be with Hiccup instead of missing him for days...

Hiccup watches him trot over to a nearby tree and stand on his hind legs, digging his claws into the bark as he stretches out like a cat, a satisfied look on his reptilian face. And that's when a smile graces Hiccup's face as well...

Well...I guess that settles those worries. Maybe I can finally get some rest now. _ So with that, he climbs back into his tiny shelter and closes his eyes, this time easily drifting off to sleep...

* * *

><p>AN: I've done it! I've officially recruited another fangirl to the HTTYD fandom! :D She's just happens to be my mom, that's all... XD*_

There might also be a few spelling errors here...sorry._

Also..._

**I AM NOT READY FOR THE SEASON FINALE! NOT. READY. **_

4. Chapter Three

Chapter Three_

A/N: Okay so, this was posted for about 20 minutes yesterday by accident. XD I AM SO SORRY! Especially to those of you who read it and must have been so confused! GAHHHHHH!_

In response to..._

Jesusfreak: **XD means the same as LOL. If you look at it sideways, it's a cartoony laughing face.**_

Breyannia: **Well, I think was thinking about it but I'm not sure if/when I'll introduce that if I decide to.**_

Greath: **Hopefully! :) I read on Wikipedia (and was told by several people) that the third season has been confirmed but we can't really know for sure since wiki sites aren't always true. But let's just keep our fingers crossed, I guess!**

_savanahthedragontamer354: **Ooooooh, I hope so!
o_o**_

_midnightsky0612: **You'll just have to wait and, now won't you?
XD**_

* * *

><p>Toothless is perched on a stone, laying flat on his belly. The dragon's butt is high in the air, wiggling as he prepares to pounce... Large pupils take up most of his eyes. He seems to be stalking a butterfly...<p>

Hiccup rolls his eyes, grinning in amusement at the sight of the once feared 'Unholy Offspring of Lightning and Death Itself' totally enthralled in hunting an insect the size of an infant's hand. He has just woken up from his nap and Toothless hasn't noticed yet. So, quietly, he slips out of his branch-tent to stretch his legs before getting back to work. Next item on the list is food...and that should prove interesting for someone who's never been able to successfully lift a sword or axe, let alone catch an animal _bare-handed...

—

_Hmm, well...I might be able to...make some kind of trap. I mean, I used to make weapons all the time before I met Toothless. _His mind trails off for a moment at the thought of his past hobby. He literally shivers at the idea of making dragon-killing tools now. _But I guess I don't have much of choice. It's either make a snare or go fishing and I didn't see a single river or pond on the way here. So...snare it is._

Satisfied with his meager plan, Hiccup looks over to where Toothless is now swatting at the bug with his paws, an excited yet vicious look on his face. He chuckles and lifts his arm, waving to catch his friend's attention.

"Come on, bud! We're going for a little walk." He calls.

And Toothless immediately perks up, happy to see his human is awake again. Prancing over, he stops in front of Hiccup and bows his head, motioning for him to climb on...

And Hiccup nearly does too. He only thinks to stop himself after his boot is in the stirrup and he realizes their predicament. Toothless offers him a quizzical look when he steps back down from the saddle, as if asking 'what's wrong?'

"We can't fly here, Toothless." Hiccup tells him. "Someone might see us... You're not even supposed to be here, remember?"

But the dragon snorts, clearly not appreciating the idea of being grounded. He lifts his head back up, his pupils narrow in irritation.

"On come, don't be so grumpy." Hiccup scolds lightly. "Think about it this way: we're always flying around together but how often do we actually go for a simple walk? It'll be nice."

Toothless hesitates, glancing at the dense forest in front of them.

"Trust me on this, bud." Hiccup says with a smile. "It'll be fun."

* * *

><p>Hiccup lied. This is not fun. Not fun at all.<p>

Toothless snarls in frustration as his saddle catches on another branch, his wings being scraped against the bark of a tree and his feet sticking in the brambles. He roars and thrashes violently to get free again, his tail smacking a boulder rather painfully. This is awful! How do humans do anything if they can't fly?!

But even Hiccup seems to find it difficult to traverse the thick forest without getting his pant leg caught on prickly bushes or having his prosthetic sink into the mud... But the little Viking is determined. He wants to do this on his own, even if it means cutting up his face and legs on briars and accidentally brushing up against a very suspicious trio of leaves that may or may not be poison ivy...

And after a while, he groans and begins itching his right shoulder, finding a very pink rash there. Yup. It was poison ivy alright... Great.

Luckily for Toothless, the thick scales that cover his body keep him safe from such hazards. Of course, Hiccup isn't so fortunate. But at the moment, Toothless isn't in a very pitying mood. Serves his human right for dragging him out here on some Thor-only-knows-what kind of ridiculous mission... Why can't they just fly?! So what if someone sees them?

But his thoughts are interrupted when Hiccup suddenly stops. Toothless watches, wearing a grumpy look, as the boy kneels down beside a vibrantly colored bush, dotted with little purple berries.

Hiccup taps his chin and scrutinizes them closely. "I wonder..." He mumbles, plucking one of the tiny fruits from its branch and rolling it between his fingers, leaving a blue stain on his skin. He doesn't say anything for what feels like an eternity, in which time Toothless grows impatient and stalks over, sniffing the curious berry.

It smells earthy, like a nut, but there's also a hint of tartness to its scent. Toothless tilts his head, droning quietly. It doesn't smell dangerous, so what is Hiccup waiting for?

His Rider grins nervously at him. "What do you think, bud? Should we risk it...?" At that moment, his stomach rumbles loudly. He must be hungry by now...

Toothless narrows his eyes at the berry in question. It smells safe enough and he doesn't get any bad feelings from it... But just to be safe-

"Agh, Toothless!" Hiccup yanks his arm back, grimacing in disgust at the dragon slobber that drips down his fingers. Then, he blinks in surprise. The berry is gone... He looks up at the Night Fury, eyes widening. Did Toothless eat it...? But what if it's poison?!
"Bud...why did you...?"

Toothless lets out a little, smelly burp and tilts his head. He recognizes this fruit now. Callicarpa. Perfectly safe. But Hiccup is still gaping at him in shock...he doesn't understand. To show his Rider it's safe, he returns to the bush and bites off a few more, making a show of chewing and swallowing before turning back to the boy. He flashes his lopsided, forced smile, bits of purple dotting his gums.

Hiccup sighs both in relief and weariness. Why does Toothless always insist on scaring him at times like these...? But at least he's not poisoned... So he gets to his feet and, using the loose front of his tunic like a basket, picks a few handfuls (making sure to leave enough for the wildlife and maybe the other teens as well).

This should be enough for now... All he has to do is set up some snares and head back to camp. He vaguely wonders how the others are doing out here... Hopefully, no one will get hurt or sick because of this silly competition.

* * *

><p>Bright, noon sunlight streams through the canopy of leaves overhead. Despite how cold the air is, the sun provides a comforting relief as it warms Hiccup's skin. The boy's brow is drawn in concentration as he works with the weathered, nimble fingers of a blacksmith, tying together the last bits of his makeshift snare.<p>

And Toothless watches his Rider from atop a fallen tree, his tail swishing across the damp grass below. He wonders what his human hopes to accomplish with such an odd contraption. To the Night Fury, who is used to hunting with his claws and fangs, Hiccup's trap looks like nothing more than a senseless pile of bent twigs and leaves...

Sniffing the air, Toothless stands up and slinks over beside his Viking to get a closer look. Hmm...yup. It still makes no sense to him.

"Careful, bud." Hiccup says as he sits back from his project. "You might not want to step on this." He gets to his feet and claps the dirt from his hands, dusting off his pant legs and then reaching up to wipe the sweat from his forehead. "Okay, the trap is done. Let's get out of here so we don't scare off the animals..."

Once more, Hiccup instinctively reaches for the saddle, only to freeze and silently curse himself. He draws back and smirks at Toothless. "Maybe...walking back won't be so miserable now that we know the way..."

Toothless snorts, doubting that's true. But it's not like they have a lot of choice in the matter. Hiccup won't fly because he's afraid of being seen and Toothless _can't_ fly without Hiccup.

So with an angry grunt, the dragon whirls around and starts waddling back through the trees, not looking over his shoulder to see if his Rider is following.

But Hiccup is following him. He sighs wearily as he shakes off a briar bush. _Well...we're halfway through the first day... Gods, it already feels like forever..._

* * *

><p>AN: The season finale killed me. I am dead now. Did anyone else get the insatiable urge to burst into tears when Hiccup did his ending narration (totally a book reference, by the way! XD)?! BECAUSE I DID! God, what am I supposed to do with my life now?!
_**
_

5. Chapter Four

**Chapter Four**

**A/N: It's kind of a head-canon of mine that Hiccup isn't a very outdoorsy person, which is why he has such a hard time in this competition. Yeah, I know it doesn't really make a ton of sense when you think about the fact that they're Vikings...and well, EVERYONE is outdoorsy... but you know. Hiccup has never been your average Viking...**
_

**In response to...**

_Razorwind237: __**What makes you think there are more episodes? I'm pretty sure we're done until June... The way I thought it was going to go down, is after the movie, they'll (hopefully) have a third season which will bridge the gap between the second and third movies...**_
_

NightFury999: **Lol, I guess that's what we'll all have to do.**
_

_Ninuhuju: **W-wait...before the second movie...? o_o Oh my god...please let that be true! And I live in Pennsylvania so the episode came out yesterday for me :)**_
_

Greath: **I was thinking about doing that but I already had the entire story plotted out and didn't feel like changing it...so... XD**
_

Mistress of the World: **I know that feel, trust me. Thanks, I'm glad you like it so far :D As for your suspicions...well, we'll just wait and see ;D The story will mostly be about Hiccup and Toothless, although when the horn blows, you'll get to see the others as well.**
_

forever-flying53: **Sigh, I guess fanfics are what we're going to need to rely on until June. Well, I'm glad my stories are helping to fill the void! Thanks :)**
_

* * *

><p>After spending about a half hour trudging back through the woods and returning to their camp, Toothless shimmies up a nearby tree, feeling fed up and tired. He wraps his powerful tail around one of its branches, turns his body until he's upside down and hanging like a bat, wings folded over his chest. He's still grumpy and tries to act uninterested, even when Hiccup comes stumbling out of the bushes, almost falling flat on his face when his metal leg catches on some roots.<p>

But even then, his protective instincts kick in and he waits before closing his eyes again to make sure he's okay...

The young Viking growls something under his breath and works his prosthetic free before getting up. He dusts himself off and glances over to where Toothless is hanging. There's an apologetic smirk, as well as several little scrapes and scratches, on his face when he says, "Well, at least we won't have to go back out there until tomorrow."

But the dragon just snorts and shuts his eyes, deciding to take a nap. _Humans._ He attempts to ignore what his Rider is up to... He tells himself he doesn't care because Hiccup said he's not allowed to help anyway.

That is...until he starts to smell smoke. His nose wriggles as the scent hits him, his eyes blinking open once again. Now what?!

Hiccup is leaned over yet _another_ weird-looking pile of twigs and stones. A faint column of smoke is curling upward from it, urged onward when the boy blows on the struggling flame...

Toothless knows what this is. He's seen Stoick perform this task a hundred times in the stone pit within their home. Hiccup is making a fire. Except...the way he's sitting now, blowing on the flickering embers... Toothless chortles, despite himself.

For some reason, Hiccup looks very much like a dragon hatchling right now. Trying to blow fire before they've learned how... With a shake of his reptilian head, the Night Fury slinks down from his perch and strolls over to his Rider, plopping down beside him to get a better view.

Hiccup glances at him from the corner of his eye but doesn't say anything. Instead, he goes back to his campfire, prodding at the pathetic glow with a twig... After another silent moment passes, he looks up again. "What's up, Toothless?" He asks, coughing a little after accidentally inhaling some of the smoke.

His dragon coos at him and lifts a large paw, prodding at the fire curiously.

"Sorry, bud. I have to do this myself." He says. "But don't worry, I'll get this fire up and running in no time!"

Easier said than done...

* * *

><p>It takes longer -and a lot more splinters- than Hiccup would like to admit to finally get a decent fire burning. But once he does, he

simply flops backwards onto the grass and breathes a sigh of relief, chuckling quietly when Toothless licks his cheek.<p>

"Yeah, I finally got it going." He mumbles, pushing the dragon's head away so he can sit up. "And just in time too, it's getting chilly..." He glances up at the bits of sky he can see through the trees. They're turning grey and dark. It must be getting late...

Toothless purrs and watches Hiccup for a moment. The day went fast for both of them... But something has been bugging the Night Fury, more than anything. Neither of them have eaten since this morning. And while dragons are well-acclimated to the cold and heat, able to hold their breath longer and swim faster than humans and are the toughest airborne creature on the planet... There is one thing they have to maintain. And that is their high-metabolism. They need to eat a lot everyday to keep up good health.

And besides the fact that he's already feeling sluggish from hunger, Toothless is also worried about Hiccup. How do humans fair without food? He doesn't seem overly bothered by anything except the splinter in his thumb so maybe that's one thing humans have over dragons... Hopefully.

But still, Toothless's stomach rumbles, his ears automatically perking for any signs of nearby prey. Disturbingly enough, however, he can't hear a thing other than Hiccup getting to his feet and stretching his arms over his head.

"Well, what do you say, bud?" He asks. "Ready to hit the hay?" When he doesn't receive any response, the Viking turns to face his dragon...only to find him gone. Blinking in surprise, Hiccup glances around their clearing. "Toothless?" He calls.

No answer...

"Huh, where did he go?" Hiccup mutters, planting his hands on his hips. "I didn't even hear him leave..." He stands there for a second, silently hoping his friend doesn't go too far and get spotted by the other teens or, even worse, Gobber. Speaking of who...

When is this horn supposed to go off? And where is Gobber staying? He wandered off from their original meeting place so he could be nearby...or very far off. Hiccup hopes for the former rather than the latter because, as strongly as he denied the danger to Fishlegs, he's beginning to get a bit scared as well.

It's never easy being alone in the wilderness, especially on Berk where wild dragons hunt during the night, ready to feast on any unsuspecting Vikings they come across...

It's enough to send unnerved chills down Hiccup's spine. And suddenly, now more than ever, he's glad Toothless broke the rules and came to stay with him. Now, if only he knew where his dragon had run off to...

It's at that moment that said Night Fury comes trotting back into the camp, not having realized his human didn't know he left. But he can hear Hiccup's heart pumping faster than usual. Is something wrong? Quietly tilting his head, he hurries over and nudges the boy from behind, accidentally inciting a terrified yelp out of him.

Rather than wheel around and face the whatever-it-was that touched him just now, Hiccup's feet decide to betray him instead. They tangle together when he tries to jump away from his potential attacker and he trips, landing on his chin so his teeth crack together so hard his ears start to ring.

Toothless whimpers, confused why Hiccup would react like this. And at the sound of the familiar voice, the teen looks up and stares at his friend with wide eyes.

"Oooh, Toothless!" He moans, pushing himself back to his knees. "Don't scare me like that!"

The dragon tilts his head, wondering what he did wrong.

"Where'd you go, bud?" Hiccup asks, scratching the Night Fury behind his ears. "You shouldn't wander off like that...what if someone saw you?"

Of course, Toothless still doesn't care if someone notices him. Why _wouldn't_ he be with Hiccup? Because Stoick told him to stay home? Pff, even Thor himself couldn't keep him from his human. Let alone one man... But there's still the matter of why he left...

Hiccup eyes grow wide with horror when Toothless begins making that...familiar sound. "Oh no... Toothless, don't-" But it's too late. He winces in disgust as the half-eaten rabbit lands into his lap. His dragons licks his lips, satisfied. "Uhhhhh..." The boy's brow is creased in discomfort when he carefully pushes the regurgitated animal aside. "No thanks, bud...I'm...not hungry."

Toothless sniffs at him, still curious how much a human needs to eat... Obviously, it can't be that much if Hiccup is turning this down. He watches Hiccup motion to the carcass with a grossed-out smile.

"But, uh, you can have it if you're hungry." He says, standing up and expertly moving away from the gory sight. Hiccup averts his eyes and hurries over to the 'tent', shivering in revulsion... _Hopefully, things will go smoother tomorrow. _He muses as he lays down, bending his arm to use a pillow. He yawns, suddenly feeling very tired as the day's events catch up to him. He closes his eyes and prepares to doze off...when he feels a scaly head against his side...

It might have been a comical sight from the outside. A five hundred pound dragon's butt sticking out of a tiny, crude shelter. But from inside, Hiccup smiles. His Night Fury's eyes are already closed, his head leaning on Hiccup's waist. The boy places a hand on Toothless's head, petting him while they fall asleep...

_Dragons. _He chuckles, shaking his head.

6. Chapter Five

**Chapter Five**

_**A/N: Oh goodness...I apologize if the beginning of this chapter is

too corny or stupid but...I just...I just couldn't help myself.
So...sorry.**_

**In response to...**

Yondaime Namikaze: **Wow, you're from PA too then? Cool! And yeah, I'm an early bird :) Always have been...**

The Wolf Raven: **Oooo that would be awesome if it's before the movie! And d'aww, that sucks that they haven't aired DoB yet. I guess that's what internet is for, though. And yes, Toothless is an adorable flying puppy. :D**

* * *

><p>Well...this is a problem. Toothless lays in Hiccup's little shelter, just having woken up about five minutes ago. For a while, he had been too groggy to notice his predicament. But now that he's more awake and alert... He realizes he can't move.

Or, well he _can_ but he's afraid to...

Apparently, Hiccup has a way of rolling over in his sleep and curling up next to whatever he can grab. Toothless has witnessed this on multiple occasions. Usually, it's his pillow that ends up in the Viking's death grip. But tonight, it ended up being Toothless. The boy's surprisingly strong arms are wrapped firmly around his dragon's neck. If Toothless tries to move, he'll surely wake him and...while he normally wouldn't have too much of a problem with that... His little human looks so peaceful right now. He doesn't want to ruin it...

But what is he supposed to do?

He's just about to simply go back to sleep until Hiccup wakes up when-

CRACK!

Emerald, narrow-pupiled eyes fly open again at the sharp sound. It was close by. Without thinking anymore about it, the Night Fury jumps to his feet, jolting Hiccup awake in the process. The boy blinks tiredly and rubs his sleepy eyes, sitting up to see his dragon standing just outside their shelter, bristling angrily as he growls at the trees.

There is something out there and he knows it.

"Toothless?" Hiccup mumbles, crawling toward the exit to see what's wrong with his friend. "What's the matter, buddy?"

But his dragon only continues to snarl and moves in front of Hiccup so he can't leave the tent, shoving the boy backwards with his tail.

"Toothless...?" He asks, getting a bit worried now. What could be wrong with-

_SNAP! _

He hears it this time too. Like a branch breaking, not too far off from their camp... His breath catches and he cranes his neck around his dragon to see where it might be coming from.

That is, until...he hears a voice. And a familiar one at that.

"Wait a second..." Hiccup mutters. "That's Astrid...what is she doing here? And...who is she talking to?" He can't hear what she's saying and no other voice replies to her.

It really should have been obvious to him what is going on. But at the moment, he doesn't understand...

"Toothless, let me pass. It's only Astrid." Hiccup assures him, pushing his way out of the shelter. "And hide. If she gets near here, I don't want her to see you."

So the dragon relaxes his tense posture and slinks off, recognizing the human girl's voice now. Astrid would never hurt Hiccup so he doesn't mind not being around when they're together... Most of the time. He decides to level with his Rider and keep watch from the trees. That way, he'll still be around to protect him if something goes wrong.

He makes it into the shadows just as the Viking girl tramps into their clearing, looking to be in much better condition than Hiccup. There's not a single scratch on her face or arms and she's carrying a rather large catch of rabbits over her shoulder.

"Hiccup!" She says, her previously frowning lips turning into a smile. "Is this where you've been the whole time?"

He nods, his freckled face blushing slightly. "Yup! Welcome to uh, Camp Hiccup..." He tries not to look in Toothless's direction when he casually leans on a tree, only to slip and stumble awkwardly. "Heh..."

The blonde girl nods and looks around his crude campsite before meeting his eyes again. She suddenly tilts her head, obviously noticing the anxious look on his face. "Are you okay? You seem nervous..."

Of course, he can't tell her that there's a Night Fury currently sitting five feet above her head, his tail swishing dangerously close... So instead, he just laughs and says, "Wha- me? No! Nope, I'm not nervous or anything... Haha..."

She eyes him strangely, pulling back a little. "Um, okay. Well...it's just that I thought I heard growling a while ago... Sounded like a dragon." She shifts her weight and glances around the camp again. "Just be careful, okay?"

He smiles for real this time. "I will, Astrid. You too. And if you do come across a dragon, just remember what we learned in the Academy."

She chuckles and strides closer to him, whacking him across the shoulder when she says, "Yeah, I guess we can handle dragons." Then, when she draws her hand away, she takes advantage of the closeness to pick a little twig out of his hair. "Wow, you're a mess, Hiccup."

He shrugs, rotating his now-sore shoulder. "Ehh, we're Vikings. That's an occupational hazard..."

She chuckles at him and steps away, hesitating a moment. Astrid seems reluctant to leave but must know she has to. They're breaking the rules just by talking to each other right now. Then again, this wouldn't be the first time Hiccup has broken the rules...

He's tempted to welcome her to stay for a while...until he remembers the pair of green eyes that are watching him intently. The longer Astrid stays here, the more likely she is to find Toothless.

...Wow. Hiding his pet dragon from his friends... This feels familiar.

Almost scoffing at his own terrible joke, Hiccup returns his attention to Astrid. "Well, I guess I'll see you when we hear a horn."

She sighs but offers a grin anyway. "Yeah, I gotta get back to my camp before St-Ah, I mean... Before...uh..._stupid_ Snotlout or the twins find it and...take my stuff...yeah." She cracks a weak smile before backing into the woods, suddenly seeming very anxious herself. "So...see you, Hiccup!" Then, she turns tail and takes off.

A second later, Toothless slithers down next to his human, cooing at him. But Hiccup is still gaping at the spot where Astrid stood a moment ago. Did he hear her right...or was she about to say 'Stormfly'...?

Could it be that Toothless isn't the only dragon to follow their Rider out here?

* * *

><p>AN: Short chapter, sorry. And yes, lots of you called me out on this already! XD Well done, sirs and madams. **_

7. Chapter Six

**Chapter Six**

**A/N: I've been playing a lot of Skyrim lately...it hurts me every time I have to kill a dragon. I keep hoping one of them will turn out to be friendly... (I do have the Dragonborn DLC though that lets you ride a dragon! Even though it is a little...anti-climactic...)**

**In response to...**

_The Wolf Raven: __**Other characters will show up soon. :) And thank you!**_

_Snowflake: __**You'll see *evil grin***_

_ginooki21: __**Lol, yeah. Same as what I said to Snowflake, I will not revealing any spoilers XD Just wait and you'll find out.**_

_aadaadit24: __**Yes, if you have an account, you can see every review you've left. But you can see the reviews of everyone else without an account. Just click the reviews button beside the title :)**_

Greath: **Cool, PA-pride! XD**

Ninuhuju: **Yay, thank you :D (I was kind of worried that it sounded corny...) And your concerns about the twins shall be answered in this chapter. (It was a good point so I made sure to address it.)**

Yondaime Namikaze: **Don't worry, I love long reviews :D And yippee, I'm glad you like it!**

Breyannia: **Omg, that's a wonderful image XD **

midnightsky0612: **Thank you :D I'm happy you guys appreciate my terrible sense of humor XD**

**Okaaay, lots of responses today! But that's okay, I love hearing what you guys have to say! So now, without further ado, here's the chapter!**

* * *

><p>After Astrid runs off -rather suspiciously- from their campsite, Hiccup and Toothless decide they'd might as well go check on those snares they set. They have been sitting all night and it's a good possibility that one of them could have caught something...

"Alright, bud." Hiccup says, folding his arms as they approach the woods. "You ready?"

The Night Fury's pupils narrow when he remembers how annoying it had been to cross this forest the first time. His paws are still sore from all those briars! But then again, he can't really let Hiccup go alone, can he? That's the whole reason he's here: to be with his human! So, with a small groan, he nudges the boy's leg and leads the way into the trees...

* * *

><p>However, this time it seems slightly easier. That might be because they can literally follow a trail of snapped branches and flattened thorn bushes from the last time they passed through... Either way, when they emerge at the site of their traps, they aren't torn to ribbons like last time, much to Hiccup's relief.<p>

They step over the tall grass that hides the snares...and blink in surprise. The snares are empty. No bait, no animals...

_But...but how is that possible?! _Hiccup demands as he skirts around them. _I know I made them correctly! Why would they have failed? Plus, the bait is gone... _He kneels down to get a closer look. All the berries he'd set out to draw in prey have been taken but the trap hasn't been sprung. With a frustrated snort, he jumps back to his feet, raking a hand through his hair. "I don't get it, Toothless!

They should have worked!"

The Night Fury stares at him, easily sensing his Rider's frustration. But it doesn't make sense to him either. Hiccup is very good at inventing things. He made a fully function _dragon tail fin_, for Thor's sake! So how did they fail? Curiously, he lifts a paw over one of the snares while Hiccup is focused on a different one. He tilts his head, prodding at the tripwire with a single claw...

Hiccup hears his dragon's furious shriek a moment too late. Spinning around, he finds Toothless hopping on three legs, one of his paws flailing through the air as he desperately tries to rid himself of the snare that's closed around one of his claws.

The young Viking groans and hurries over to help him. "Hey, hey!" He shouts, trying to get Toothless's attention. "Calm down, I'll get it off of you! Just-"

_SCREEEEEEEEEEEEEE- _

Hiccup ducks as his dragon fires off a plasma blast at the trap, only to just barely miss his own Rider by a fraction of an inch.

"TOOTHLESS!" He barks as he yanks off his vest to beat out the flame is slowly consuming a nearby bush. "Just relax and let me help you!"

Apparently, the Night Fury's anger is quickly cooled when he sees just how close he came to hurting Hiccup. He whimpers sadly and lowers his ears, his trapped foot still held off the ground as he limps over.

The bush is still smoking but the fire is out so Hiccup returns to his friend's side and kneels down, expertly untangling the snare that had wrapped around Toothless's foot. After a second, it falls harmlessly away and the dragon is free again.

He coos apologetically and licks the boy's cheek.

"It's okay, bud. You didn't know what they'd do." But still... With an uneasy sigh, Hiccup picks up his discarded invention. _Looks like the only thing I can EVER catch is Toothless... _He would have laughed at this stupid joke, if not for the fact that they still don't have anything to eat... "This is going to be tougher than I thought." He mutters to himself.

But just then-

_Paaaar-par-par-paaaaaaaaaaaaa! _

Hiccup sits up, straining to hear where the sound of the horn is coming from. Climbing back to his feet, he turns to Toothless. "Hear that, bud? That's the horn I told you about!"

The Night Fury tilts his head as he listens.

"Okay, I've gotta go see what Gobber wants but you need to go back to camp." He starts backing away. "And this time, _no following me! Alright? I'll be back soon." With that, he turns and takes off in the

direction of the noise. Hopefully, whatever Gobber has in store for them, won't require too much energy. He hasn't got a lot to spare since he hasn't eaten much since yesterday...

* * *

><p>Hiccup is the last to arrive at the clearing where Gobber has made his camp. It's a cozy little set-up. A roaring fire with a, what looks to be, an entire pig roasting above it. His shelter is spacious and neatly done, the work of someone with many years of experience surviving on their own. And Gobber, himself, is looking in better spirits than Hiccup has seen him in a long time. He's practically glowing with energy at this point. Who knew Gobber was such a outdoorsy person...?<p>

"Ahh, Hiccup! Nice of you to finally join us. I was beginning to wonder if you'd been eaten by a bear or something!" The Blacksmith laughs in a booming, happy voice as his apprentice offers an awkward, buck-toothed grin.

"Um, nope. I'm still around...for now..." He squeaks, rubbing the back of his neck. He thinks he sees Astrid smiling at him but when he looks over, her focus is elsewhere... So he joins the sloppy line of Viking teens who are awaiting orders and tries not too look like he's had such a rough time.

It's just as he'd feared. Everyone else looks to be in perfect health, as if they had been sleeping in Berk for the past day. Meanwhile, Hiccup is covered head to toe in scratches and dirt...with even more leaves and bits of twig in his hair. Even his metal leg is caked in mud with stones stuck in the bottom... It's going to take him a week to get it clean...

"Alright, kids!" Gobber shouts as he strolls back and forth in front of them. Always a teacher... "Your first challenge...is not actually a challenge at all."

The teens exchange curious looks.

"Um, what?" Tuffnut asks, planting his hands on his hips.

"Yeahhh, say that again?" His sister agrees. Both of them look thoroughly confused. This is almost as bad as whether or not there is a Flight Club. Actually, they're still a little lost on that one...

But Gobber only shakes his head. "What I mean is, I called you hear on a sort of...obligation. Apparently, your parents are worried that you'll 'get lost' or 'eaten by wild animals'... A bunch of Nervous Norberts if you ask me..." He shrugs. "But either way, they wanted me to gather you here regularly to make sure no one is dead yet."

_Oh. That's confidence inspiring... _Hiccup thinks dryly as he tries not to scratch his poison ivy or the semi-healed cuts on his arms and legs.

He watches Gobber give a fleeting glance to the six kids in front of him before smirking. "Well, you all look alive to me!" He announces. "Mostly alive, anyway..." He eyes Hiccup when he says that.

_Perfect. One day and I'm already drawing attention... _

"Anyway, you can all return to your camps and get back to the fun! Wouldn't want to keep you too long!" He chuckles. "Oh, and Hiccup..."

He flinches. "Yes, Gobber...?"

"You might want to clean that prosthetic of yours. Trust me, you do not want to know what it's like to get your too stump dirty..." He shivers.

For some reason, that makes Hiccup's face go extremely red, especially when Snotlout suddenly busts out laughing and nearly falls over. Of course, his mad fit of giggles is cut off by Astrid's fist to his gut and a series of harsh insults from the girl.

"Well, that's it, folks." Gobber says as he returns to his tent, choosing to ignore his students' outburst. "Get on back to your competition. I'll see you in a few days."

With that, they all turn their own directions. That is, until Hiccup notices that the twins are still together. Gobber notices too...

"Ruffnut! Tuffnut! Don't tell me you two are camping together..."

The siblings look at each other almost nervously. "No! Of course not!" Tuff lies badly. "Besides, it's not our fault! We can't help that we share a drag-OW!" He doubles over, sinking to the ground when Ruff smashes her fist into his rib cage.

"Shut up, idiot!" She hisses.

Hiccup stares at them with wide eyes. So it's true! They have Barf and Belch with them as well! Then, if he has Toothless, Astrid has Stormfly and the twins have Barf and Belch... He grins when he realizes that means everyone else must have their dragons too! Why that makes him so happy, he doesn't know.

Maybe it's just a relief to know he isn't the only one breaking the rules... Or maybe it's his inner Dragon Trainer coming out again.

_They really are loyal. _He smiles as he turns back to his camp. _Too protective to even let their Riders be alone for a week. I'll have to emphasize that in my notes later... _Either way, he can't linger here too much longer. After all, he's got his own dragon to return to. And now that he knows the others have theirs, he doesn't need to worry as much.

A dragon would never let their human be injured.

8. Chapter Seven

**Chapter Seven**

**A/N: According to the outline, we're about 60% percent done. But take that with a grain of salt because my plans are pretty vague so it might be more than that. I'd say, we have ABOUT four or five chapters to go... **

**In response to...**

_Tasemon's Partner: __**Thank you :D And yeah, I did a bit of research on the Callicarpa but decided they looked like something that would exist on Berk (don't know why, but my brain just decided they looked like they belong, XD) And yes, small animals are probably what raided the traps. As for the parents...well, remember when Stoick said he wanted Toothless to go after Hiccup even though it's not allowed... *evil grin* he may just be ignoring it, like you said XDDD**_

_Guest: __**Lol, way to call me out on it! XD I agree that that's the best way to end the story (although a few details are different). You'll see :)**_

* * *

><p>Noon-time sunlight winks off the roaring waterfall that pours into the blue-green ocean below. Its surface is dotted with massive, slippery rocks, the water spraying mist into the air, which catches the light and reflects pools of color, resembling tiny rainbows...<p>

Hiccup is laying on his back in the gravel, a handmade fishing pole stuck in the stones beside him. Out of the corner of his eye, he watches Toothless with an amused grin on his face.

His dragon is up by the waterfall, a good few yards away. He's swatting trout out of their upward dives toward the pond and watching them flail through the air before splashing back into the water again. He's so enthralled by his little game that he doesn't seem to mind they've been here for almost an hour, waiting for a few more fish to hook Hiccup's line.

As of now, Hiccup doesn't really care either. It's nice and relaxing just laying here on the bank, his arms folded behind his head while he waits. When they first arrived here, he'd taken Gobber's previous advice and cleaned off his prosthetic, which is now drying in the warm sun, right beside its owner.

_Why didn't we do this before...? _Hiccup wonders, lazily. _Sure it took a lot of walking to find this place but, boy, was it worth it...! _He smiles to himself when he looks over at their catch. At least seven fish are laying in a bundle further up on shore. Of course, six of them are for Toothless. He needs food more than Hiccup does. But the Viking doesn't mind. He knows he'd only be able to eat one, or maybe two, at the most, anyway. Plus, they can still go track down more of those berries if they find it necessary.

With a content sigh, Hiccup closes his eyes. Despite the knowledge, or even just the suspicion, that the other teens have their dragons, he still wonders how they're holding up. Why he's still so worried, he doesn't know. They looked much better than him during their meeting a few hours ago...

However, his thoughts are diverted when Toothless suddenly comes trotting over to him, a fish trapped between his gums. "Good job, bud." Hiccup smiles. "That's one less we'll have to wait for."

And the dragon purrs, pleased with his Rider's satisfaction. He's almost tempted to go back and try to catch a few more, to lessen Hiccup's burden, until he hears it...

To Toothless's sharp ears, it sounds like several pairs of hooves crunching over leaves and pine needles...as well as soft grunting noises. His primal instincts drive him to turn in the sound's direction, his body tensing up...

"Toothless?" Hiccup asks as he sits up, wondering what triggered this change in his friend's attitude. "Are you okay, bud?"

The Night Fury ignores him, his throat rumbling with quiet growls. He isn't sure if they're a threat, but this noise definitely makes him nervous...

Seeing his dragon's distress, Hiccup gets up. He slowly reaches out, not wanting to startle him. "Toothless, it's okay." He says, glancing around their patch of woods to see what might have made him so tense. He gently places his hand on Toothless's forehead, smiling when he says, "Let's get back to camp. We have enough to eat for a while."

The Night Fury doesn't relax but he stops growling and turns to his human, the worry in his eyes shining clearly. Whatever it is that's out there has got him very paranoid...

But for now, he decides they aren't coming any closer so it's best to head back to camp and hope they don't follow...

* * *

><p>That evening, the two friends have returned to their meager camp and are building another fire. Toothless seems more at ease while he lays on the cool grass and eats his fish, making a conscious effort to take it slow. If he eats too fast, he'll get sleepy and will be less likely to notice if those things from the waterfall show up...<p>

Hiccup, on the other hand, can't wait to eat some decent food. He fumbles with the twig he found when he attempts to skewer it through his fish, jabbing himself in the wrist more than once. But when he finally gets it steady, he sits back and tries not to drool while he waits for it to cook. He might be hungry but he's not about to eat raw fish. That's just a sickness waiting to happen.

He ends up watching the sky through a particularly wide space in the leaves overhead. By now, it's faded from its azure hue to a hotter shade of red and orange. A flock of Terrible Terrors are currently flapping by, shrieking and growling at each other as they pass. At the sight of them, Hiccup grins.

_This time last year, seeing that would have terrified me... _He glances over at Toothless, who is just swallowing his third trout. _Then again, this time last year, no one had ever even seen a Night Fury before..._ He finds himself chuckling at that, which draws the

attention of said Night Fury.

Toothless coos at him and playfully swats his human's knee with his tail, inciting a chuckle from the boy.

"Do you have enough to eat?" Hiccup asks him. "We have some of those berries left if you're still hungry."

But the dragon is content with this much and simply returns to his food. He doesn't return his tail to its previous location, instead letting it rest behind Hiccup's back just for comfort's sake.

After a while, both the boy and his dragon start getting sleepy. With a deep yawn, they get up and tiredly stagger over to their shelter. Hiccup crawls in first, Toothless wriggling his head and upper body in afterward. The dragon purrs as he leans his cheek against Hiccup's thigh and closes his eyes.

Before sleep consumes him, Hiccup notices that Toothless's ears are still perked...as if he's listening for something. But could have him so nervous...?

* * *

><p>AN: Gosh, another short chapter, sorry! But this is the most I could come up with. (I seem to have a sprinkling of writer's block but not really bad yet. Let's just hope it stays that way.)**

9. Chapter Eight

**Chapter Eight**

**A/N: Set up for the climax... :D**

**In response to...**

_Jesusfreak: __**Lol, sorry about the cliffhanger! And as for Hiccup getting hurt, well...that wasn't my original plan but things have changed so...it's a maybe. We'll see. (And I totally don't blame you, check out my other stories...they'll make you feel a lot better about him getting injured. I do that a lot! XD) And to answer your question, I am currently seventeen. :)**_

_The Wolf Raven: __**Oh no! Gosh, I hope you feel better soon! Back pain is the worst and I have bad ankles so I know what that's like. But I'm glad you got some enjoyment out of reading this fanfic :) That seriously made my day! And yes, my updates will be a whole hour earlier for the rest of the year, due to the time changes and all.**_

* * *

><p>Gobber's horn doesn't sound for several more days. In the meantime, Hiccup and Toothless have been busy. Their time is mostly spent traveling back and forth between the stream, where they'll fish for hours at a time, and then out to the traps, which Hiccup has nearly perfected. Occasionally, one or two won't spring but most of the time, they work. Now, the two friends have enough food and water

to support even Toothless's huge appetite comfortably. In other words, they're feeling very pleased with themselves and can't seem to remember why it was so hard when they started.<p>

And on top of all that, Toothless hasn't heard those strange footsteps since the end of their second night in the woods. He's sure that, whatever it was, is long gone.

But when the day finally comes that Hiccup hears the horn again, he's right in the middle of sketching a songbird, which is hopping around on a branch high above his head. Both boy and dragon look in the sound's direction and stand up.

"Alright," Hiccup sighs, disappointed that he won't get to finish his drawing. "Just like last time, I'll be back."

The Night Fury drones sadly, wanting to tag along. The look in his eyes seems to say, 'the others have their dragons too, right? So what's the big deal?'

"Sorry, bud. We can't risk getting caught." Hiccup stows his notebook in his vest and affectionately scratches Toothless behind the ear before hurrying off into the woods he's practically memorized at this point. Gobber's camp is about fifteen minutes away so he picks up the pace, not wanting to be last again...

_If even I'm starting to get the hang of this, I wonder how the others are doing. _He muses.

What Hiccup doesn't notice, however, is the dragon silently stalking him from the treetops. Toothless may have calmed down since their second night, but he still worries about his human and isn't about to let Hiccup wander off by himself. No matter what Gobber might say if he finds out.

* * *

><p>Astrid is the first to arrive, as usual. She slinks along the border of Gobber's camp, Stormfly closely in tow. The Nadderhead warbles quietly, wondering what her Rider is doing. But she is quickly hushed by her human, who throws feverish glances in every direction before turning to face her dragon.<p>

"Alright, girl. Stay here and stay out of sight. Don't let anyone find you."

Stormfly chirps at her and nuzzles her beak against Astrid's cheek. The girl smirks and scratches the sweet spot behind her front-most horn before calmly walking into camp and offering an innocent smile to her teacher.

"Ahh, Astrid." Gobber greets with a chuckle. "First as always."

"Of course." She shrugs. "So, what are we doing today?"

But the Blacksmith clicks his tongue, shaking his head. "Ah, ah, I'll let you know as soon as everyone arrives."

She scoffs and shifts her weight before finding a comfortable patch of grass to sit on. "Is it a real challenge this time? Or just

another head-count..."

"Both." He assures her. And he parts his lips to speak again, only to be interrupted by the sound of another pair of feet approaching the settlement. Gobber and Astrid look over to see who it is, both of them blinking surprise to find it's neither Snotlout nor Tuffnut, who had arrived next last time. It's...

"Hiccup!" Astrid almost cheers.

And her friend smiles in return, his pace a bit too slow for her liking. He's clearly trying to act nonchalant... Of course, that thought only makes her laugh a bit.

"What?" Hiccup asks, quickly looking himself over to see what she might be giggling at. "Do I have something on me?" Gods, he hopes not...

"No, no." She assures him. "It's nothing."

He frowns, not quite believing her but decides to forget it. If it's important, surely Snotlout will point it out once he shows up... The two Dragon Riders return to Astrid's pervious spot and sit down across from each other to talk. After all, they've both technically been 'alone' for the past six days with no one to talk to. Or...at least not in human language. "So how have you been faring in the wilderness, m'lady?" Hiccup asks lightly.

"Oh, pretty well." She tells him. "On the other hand, you look like you're doing better too. Almost no twigs in your hair this time."

He chuckles and self-consciously runs his fingers through his hair, just to make sure. "Yeah, well...I guess I've finally got my wilderness-legs."

She nods, happy that he's getting the hang of things, even if they are going to be done by this time tomorrow... Thank Thor.

While the two friends continue to talk, both of them being silently watched over by their dragons, both Ruff and Tuff emerge into the clearing. They look a bit ragged and worn down but energetic, nonetheless.

"Oooh man! This is awesome!" Tuff cheers. "Do you guys have any idea how close I came to falling off a cliff this morning?! So cool~"

His sister chuckles darkly and nods her head. "It was pretty cool. Too bad you didn't actually fall though, that would have been even better..."

"Yeah! I could have broken my arm or something!"

"Sweet!"

Hiccup rolls his eyes and offers Astrid a sarcastic look, making her laugh. The twins look confused by this exchange but soon forget about it and take a seat beside their friends.

Fishlegs and Snotlout still haven't arrived when Gobber stands up. "Alright kids." He announces. "We're going to start our challenge

now."

"But shouldn't we wait for the others...?" Hiccup wonders.

Gobber's smile spreads across his entire face, looking like he's got a huge, exciting secret to share. "Snotlout and Fishlegs won't be coming."

"What?"

"Huh?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean!" He barks, interrupting their confusion. "This is part of the challenge! For the past six days, you kids have survived on your own and relied only on yourselves..."

The twins look slightly guilty at the moment.

"...but that won't always be the case! I know you're already very good at protecting each other and fighting side by side. HOWEVER!" He shouts, his tone getting more thrilled now. "None of you have had the proper amount of experience with..." He trails off to build the tension. "Fatal injuries!"

Immediately, all eyes turn to Hiccup.

"You're kidding, right?" Tuff snorts, earning an irritated and slightly embarrassed look from the other boy. "Have you forgotten Leggy over here?"

"TUFF!" Astrid scolds, outraged.

"Ah, yes." Gobber nods, choosing to ignore them. "But none of you actually know what it's like to care for a comrade in serious condition. That's what we're learning here today."

"First aid?" Astrid grumbles when she stops glaring at Tuffnut. "We already know all that from training, remember? And we've had plenty of practice with all those dragon raids..."

"Sure, sure." He shrugs. "You've had a brief over-view...but nothing like what good ol' Gobber's going to teach ya'!"

"Oh, I'm sure..." Hiccup mumbles, folding his arms.

Gobber scowls at his apprentice before planting his hands on his hips. "Alright, let's do it this way, then! You four will participate in this exercise and like it! Or you get to spend a whole extra week out here-"

"FINE! WE'LL DO IT!" They all shout at the same time.

And Gobber smirks. "There. That's more like it." He smacks Hiccup over the shoulder, almost knocking him over. "Hiccup and Astrid, you're a team and are assigned to find and rescue Fishlegs. Ruffnut and Tuffnut, you're a team and are going to find and rescue Snotlout."

"What do you mean by 'find and rescue'?" Astrid asks him.

"Our 'victims' are waiting for you at their camps with 'life threatening injuries'. Find their camp and patch up their wounds before sun down."

The four teens exchange nervous looks before their teacher lifts his hook arm into the air and shouts, "GO!"

* * *

><p>AN: Sorry for all the terrible leg jokes...I'm a horrible person. XD**_

10. Chapter Nine

**Chapter Nine**

**A/N: In response to...**

_Yondaime Namikaze: __**Oops, oh well. **_

_Foxlight the Dragon Trainer: __**As do I. XD**_

_Breyannia: __**Lol, I sure hope Gobber wouldn't do that! XD Then again, he does believe in 'learning on the job' XD**_

_Greath: __**You'll see :)**_

_Ninuhuju: __** Hee-hee XD**_

* * *

><p>"Oh, this is ridiculous!" Astrid grumps as she and Hiccup trudge further into the woods. They've been walking for almost an hour now and haven't found even the slightest hint of Fishlegs's camp. Both their dragons trail at the secretive distance, following their orders not to be spotted. But despite their cautiousness, both Riders are a bit nervous.<p>

_Maybe I should just tell her about Toothless. _Hiccup muses. _After all, I'm sure she has Stormfly around here somewhere. _But before he gets the chance to bring it up, his eyes catch something in the bushes. "Hey, check it out!" He says, hurrying over to the crimson stain, which appears to be...blood?

"Wow, Gobber really went all-out with this, huh?"

Hiccup nods and stands up, feeling uneasy. This blood must be fake...but it sure looks real. He shivers at that thought before pushing aside the brush and stepping over a net-like mass of briars and holding it back so Astrid can get through. She quietly thanks him, pointing out the next puddle of 'blood' for them to follow.

They must be getting close to Fishlegs...

* * *

><p>At the same moment, both Toothless and Stormfly freeze in their tracks. The Nadder tilts her head, spikes bristling as she listens to the strange sound. Toothless's pupils immediately narrow, his teeth sliding from their sheaths. He knows this noise. It's the same one he heard on their second night... The one that sounds like footsteps. He cocks his head and pricks his ears, his heart giving a thump when he realizes...<p>

The-whatever-it-is...is converging on Hiccup and Astrid!

* * *

><p>It's about this time that the two teenagers finally manage to track down their friend's camp. There, they don't find the amount of blood they had been expecting. All is normal, the previous trail obviously just meant to get them here, except for the motionless form of Fishlegs, laying sprawled out on his back, mouth ajar and eyes closed.<p>

Hiccup and Astrid timidly draw forward. The amount of build up has gotten to them. They know this is fake and just an excersize meant to help them strengthen their survival skills...but...

Hiccup gulps and kneels down beside his friend. Reaching out with nervous hand, he shakes Fishlegs's shoulder. "Hey, are you okay?" He asks, unsure of what else to say.

The other boy is clearly awake but is pretending to be unconscious. His mouth twitches slightly, as if he's tempted to answer but decides against it, remaining silent and still. Regardless, that slight movement is enough to make both kids feel a bit better.

"Umm," Astrid moves around to the other side, nodding to an artificial wound on the blonde boy's head. "Looks like a pretty bad bump." She comments, dryly. "We should bandage that."

Hiccup smirks at her, recognizing that she's just as unsure as he is but is trying to act calm...for both their sakes. "Yeah. And wash it." He reminds her. "I have some water in my bag." He reaches down to retrieve it, his hands freezing when he remembers... He left his bag in Toothless's saddle. He can't get it without Astrid seeing him! "Uhh, actually, I think I left it at my camp..."

Thankfully, Astrid has hers on her. "No problem." She assures him, producing her own water pouch from the satchel on her shoulder. She also takes a knife from the bag and tosses it to Hiccup.

He gasps and fumbles to catch it, nearly slicing his finger open in the process.

"We need a bandage, use that to cut something so we can wrap his head." She instructs as she gently dribbles some water onto Fishlegs's forehead, watching as the fake blood melts away. As easy it is to see that this is more or less just a game...it's oddly satisfying to know she can do this.

Hiccup obeys and slices a strip of cloth from a ragged blanket that the other boy must have smuggled out here. It had been draped over the top of his decrepit shelter so when Hiccup removes it...he finds a rather strange surprise waiting for him inside its unnecessarily

large space.

It happens so fast he doesn't even see it coming...that is, until his friend's wrecking-ball of a dragon plows into him, throwing him off his feet. Meatlug towers over Hiccup, her pupils so narrow they're hardly visible. She growls threateningly, having been caught off guard since she was just napping...

"Woah, woah! Meatlug, it's me!" He cries, shielding his head in case his warning comes too late. But thankfully, the gentle Gronckle notices him before she gets the inclination to spew lava all of him... Instead, she licks his cheek begins to purr.

Astrid gapes at the other dragon, genuinely surprised. She'd thought that only Stormfly had broken the rules and come to see her. She never thought the other dragons would-

CRASH!

Toothless smashes through the brush, snarling furiously as he charges over to his Rider. His nostrils flare blue with the threat of flames and he bits down on the back of Hiccup's vest, yanking him out from beneath Meatlug.

"Toothless too?!" Astrid realizes out loud.

And normally, Hiccup would have explained the situation right then and there...except, he's currently preoccupied with the viscious look on his Night Fury's face. Why is he so angry? "Bud, it's only Meatlug." He says. "She wasn't going to hurt me. You can relax now..." He reaches out to pet him, only to yank back his arm when Toothless snaps at him, powerful fangs at the ready.

"What's gotten into him...?" Astrid whispers.

"I'm not sure..." Hiccup responds, his brow furrowed. "Something must be wrong."

Just then, Stormfly shows up as well, acting just as shaken as Toothless. She hurries over to Astrid and squawks loudly, fanning open her brilliantly colored wings as if to shield her Rider from danger. The Nadder's yellow eyes flash all around the clearing, sounds like a mixture of a growl and a bird call rumbling in her throat.

"What's happening...?" Hiccup whispers when Toothless draws closer, practically gluing himself to the boy's side.

At this point, Fishlegs sits up and scurries over to Meatlug, thoroughly afraid. His Gronckle isn't acting too upset but even she seems tense now. At this point, even the humans can hear it...

The subtle sound of many footsteps, all thundering toward them as if in a stampede, coupled by the furious animalistic grunts of territorial, hormone-driven wild pigs...

* * *

><p>AN: GAAAHHH another short chapter AND a cliffhanger! I'm sorry! But I hope you liked it, anyway... :) Next chapter is the

climax!**_

11. Chapter Ten

**Chapter Ten**

**A/N: This chapter takes a detour from my original light-hearted idea... Sorry but it was requested lots of times that I do something like this so...here it is!**

**In response to...**

_The Wolf Raven: __**Probably one or two chapters after this one.**_

_DoomsdayBeamXD: __**I'd say that's a reasonable assumption... XD**_

_Greath: __**Sorry, not quite. After just getting done with Fire, I didn't want to include the same enemy two stories in a row. :)**_

_aad: __** I chose boars because there are so many fanfics in this fandom that use dragons/Outcasts/Berserkers as the enemy. I wanted to do something a little different that still fits in the same universe (Stoick fights boars in the episode "How to Choose Your Dragon"). Besides, this is a survival story so I thought it would make sense to include something from nature (excluding dragons from that, of course.)**_

Charly: **It was the finale of the second season of the HTTYD show.**

* * *

><p>Hiccup feels frozen as the first of the furious stampede explodes into their clearing, only to be thrust away by a well-placed plasma blast. Toothless roars so loud it makes his Rider's ears ring. The dragon throws a deadly serious look at his human, who is still just staring at the wild boars as they stalk closer. The Night Fury bristles in frustration and growls, as if to say, 'snap out of it!'.<p>

Still feeling a bit dazed from the suddenness of the attack, Hiccup whirls around to check on Astrid and Fishlegs. Both of them are just now hopping into their saddles and preparing to fight.

"Hiccup!" Astrid barks when she notices him. "Get a move on! Those things will kill you if you're not careful!"

The boy nods jerkily and then turns to Toothless, shaking off his fear as he expertly swings his leg over the dragon's back, snapping his prosthetic into the stirrup with ease. "Let's go, bud!" He says, tapping his friend's side.

And Toothless's lips curl into a menacing smile as he turns on the boars, finally ready to fight them.

The beasts are big. Much bigger than any domesticated hog, and

covered in thick, shaggy hair. Their tusks glint with a sharpness not unlike a sword, their eyes almost appearing red in the dying daylight... Their snort and grunt and shriek in fury, circling the Riders and their dragons as if they don't fear the fire-breathing reptiles at all.

From centuries of living with dragons, boars have adapted to them as well. Not just humans. They know how to go about fighting them, some packs have even successfully taken down a dragon in their time...

And the Riders' dragons can sense this. These wild beasts are dangerous if you let your guard down or get distracted...even for a dragon.

After a few more seconds sizing each other up, the boars finally attack. With a shriek like that of a banshee, the biggest one charges, head bowed and tusks tearing through the air like a warrior's dagger.

Hiccup's body is jolted rather sharply as Toothless swings his tail around to smack away the wild pig, sending it tumbling backwards. But two more quickly take its place and soon, the clearing is a war zone of flying fur and animalistic squeals.

For a while, it seems the dragons have no chance of losing. There are three of them, all seasoned fighters and paired with their humans, they have no blind spots, no weaknesses... That is, until Hiccup hears a sound so horrible it sends a chill slithering down his spine.

Fishlegs is yanked out of his saddle by the teeth of a boar, torn to the ground while Meatlug is distracted. The boy flops into the dirt with an 'ooph!' and is immediately tackled by one of the furry predators. It snorts as it tries to get a bite at his throat, sloppy teeth chomping as Fishlegs screams, struggling to keep it at a distance.

"FISHLEGS!" Hiccup shouts, terror striking his heart. "Come on, Toothless!" He twists around to grab his shield, hoping to grapple the beast off of his friend, only for his fingers to grasp thin air. He silently curses himself and Gobber's stupid rules. He didn't bring his shield with him...

Toothless roars again as he jumps on the hog, claws raking its tangle fur and clipping skin. The boar squeals in pain and backpedals away, blood gushing to the surface of its wound. With glinting, angry eyes, it screams at Toothless and tries striking out at him with his tusks, only to miss horribly as its injury gives a sharp protest, halting its movements.

Toothless's nostrils flare blue, an unearthly wail building in his throat, just before firing a second plasma blast and sending the boar flying.

"Fishlegs!" Hiccup gasps as he slides off the saddle, knowing his dragon will cover for him. "Are you alright?! Are you hurt?!" He can't tell if the red on his friend's face is real or the fake set-up from Gobber.

"I-I'm okay...I think..." The other boy stammers as he sits up, his hands trembling in fear. "H-how many are there...?"

Hiccup looks around, his gaze lingering on each of the hogs. "Looks like about ten in all..." He turns to find Astrid and Stormfly still holding off a large number of the animals, her Nadder's height working to their advantage as the beasts jump up and try to snap at her ankles.

"I COULD USE SOME HELP!" She shouts at them. And indeed, even Stormfly has a shot limit and she must be nearing hers...

Hiccup nods at her and leaps onto Toothless's back, using his metal leg to kick one of the boars away just as it tries to sink its flat teeth into his Night Fury's leg. "Alright, Toothless. Let's show these pigs who's boss!"

The dragon grunts in agreement as he begins charging another bolt of fire. Hiccup tenses, leaning in close to the saddle just as-

BOOM!

The clearing flashes with illumination as the violet flame hits the nearest boar square in the chest. At the same time, a hot, white flame blasts out of Stormfly's mouth, cutting through a tree like a knife through butter and throwing aside one of the beasts at the same time.

Fishlegs clambers onto Meatlug's back and she spews some chunky lava to join her friend's synchronized attacks, scooping her head sideways to shovel in more stones to the deadly mix...

The heat in the clearing alone is almost suffocating. The air wavers as the bark on the trees begins to singe and smoke, bits of the leaves catching fire and crumbling away to nothing. Hiccup wipes away the sweat on his brow and almost leans back, trying to get some fresh air, free of smoke and the smell of burning flesh...

His head is reeling, sent into a confused tizzy because of the heat and lack of oxygen. It feels like the world is moving in slow motion, but too quickly at the same time. He can't keep track of what's happening and soon, his hearing becomes muffled.

Heart thumping, he distantly realizes what's about to happen but is powerless to stop it as reality crumples around him. One second, he's upright and mounted on Toothless's back, the next, he's on the ground, watching the battle take place from a sideways angle...that is, until his vision simply turns black and the last thing he sees is a furious boar charging, tusks reading to sink into his head.

_Just like Piggbutt... _He muses dully.

* * *

><p>AN: Yeah...I over-heat a lot so I'm pretty good at describing what it feels like. I sometimes think I was destined to live on Berk (I like cool/cold weather, my spirit animal is a dragon and I've been obsessed with dragons for as long as I could remember...) WHAT WENT WRONG?! I DEMAND A RECOUNT! XD**_

12. Chapter Eleven

**Chapter Eleven**

**A/N: In response to...**

_The Wolf Raven: __**I also occasionally burst into laughter when it comes to the name Pigbutt... It was WAY too fun coming up with that name XDD**_

_XxPinkXMustachexX: __**Lol, yeah I've heard of Berks County, never been there though. It's also famous for alien sightings XD**_

_Jesusfreak: __**It was a combination of the overwhelming heat and smoke inhalation. (Poor Hiccup!) And after this chapter, I'm thinking one or MAYBE two more...**_

_Tasemon's Partner: __**Lol, I can picture the twins doing something like that! ("Sooo, what are we supposed to do?" "I dunno...we could try hitting him with a stick, that always works on you in the morning...") Or something like that! And it's not that they won't fly away, it's that they can't. They're in the woods and there's no room for the dragons to open their wings, let alone take off.**_

* * *

><p>Toothless shrieks in horror and shock when he feels Hiccup suddenly slide off his back. Whipping around, he finds the boy laying on his side, struggling to keep his eyes open. But just when the dragon is about to jump in and protect his prone Rider, another boar plows into him from behind. Toothless squeals in pain as its tusk buries itself into his thigh but he smacks it away with his tail and roars in fury, firing his fourth plasma blast at the feet of the pig. It might have missed but still manages to scare the creature, as well as two others, away.<p>

There are only four hogs left and three of them are being occupied by Astrid and Fishlegs. Unfortunately, the one that no one had been keeping an eye on, has just reached Hiccup.

It rears back its head to attack the unconscious boy, knowing not even his own dragon is close enough to save him now. Just as a pair of razor-like tusks are swinging at him, Hiccup's green eyes flutter open. He gasps in fear and recoils, raising an arm to protect himself when-

SLASH!

SQUEEEEE!

A hearty laugh booms through the clearing, as well as the clank of a wooden leg... Hiccup stares in awe at his mentor, who is towering over him, his hook hand dripping in boar blood. "Gobber..." He breathes, relieved and shaken at the same time.

"Are you alright, lad?" Asks the Blacksmith as he holds out a hand to help him up. Only then does Toothless bound over, nose roaming

Hiccup's body to see if he's okay. Hiccup nods and takes the man's hand, climbing to his trembling legs.

"Yes, thanks." He switches his gaze to his friends, who are still struggling. "We should help them." He mutters, still feeling a bit distant and..._wobbly_ from the smoke and heat. But he'll fine. He thinks...

But obviously, Gobber doesn't agree with him. He places a hand on his apprentice's shoulder when he says, "I've dealt with these beasts almost more times than I've fought dragons...I'll take care of them. Go back to your dragon." He says and only then does the question rise in Hiccup's mind.

How is Gobber so casual about the presence of their dragons? Has he just not thought about it yet, since the sight of them is so normal nowadays? Or...could it be he knew they were here from the start...?

Regardless, Hiccup is about to argue that he wants to help, when Toothless whines and bites his tunic, tugging him backwards. He stares at the Night Fury for a moment, not understanding what's wrong until he notices...

"Oh no..." Hiccup rushes over his friend, eyes wide. Toothless's leg is bleeding and looks very, _very_ painful. It must have been when the boar attacked him... "Bud, are you okay?" He asks, kneeling beside the harsh wound.

Toothless whimpers and shifts his weight, clearly in a lot of pain. He doesn't seem to know what to do with himself. It hurts to put weight on his bad leg so he tries to lay on his stomach but the gash wraps around to the front of his knee as well and that hurts even more.

His human obviously isn't sure what to do. His mind has gone blank... Maybe it's the deafening clash of weapons only a few feet away, or the intense heat and thick smoke, the fact that he was unconscious not five minutes ago, or his panic at seeing Toothless injured...but whatever it is, he can't remember what to do.

Hiccup squeezes his eyes shut, mind racing. What is he supposed to do? He tries to remember all those times when he would get a cut and his father would help... But his mind is literally empty now. Nothing comes to him.

But suddenly...

An image of Fishlegs laying sprawled on the dirt with a fake wound on his head surfaces through the murkiness. _'We'll need to bandage that.' _Astrid had said. _'And clean it.' _

Right. Right... Hiccup curses himself and quickly jumps to his feet. "I'll be right back, buddy. I've got to go get the water from Astrid's bag."

His dragon nods bravely, eyes shining in pain as Hiccup hurries across the clearing, zig-zagging to dodge the boars as they flee from his companions. The creatures are singed and covered in cuts but aren't in too bad shape... That strange part of his brain is happy

they won't die, even though they nearly killed him and his friends.

The Dragon Rider reaches Astrid's satchel and grabs it, rifling through the contents for her water pouch and something to use as a bandage...

"HICCUP, LOOK OUT!" Astrid shouts, suddenly.

He spins around, only to come face to face with a wild hog as it smashes into him, teeth connecting with his leg. He falls backwards, forced over by the impact and braces for pain. But then he notices...the boar's teeth are in his..._metal_ leg. "Hmph, weren't expecting that, were you?" He grunts, kicking the beast off with the spikes on the bottom of his prosthetic and watching as it runs away, limping with a wound that matches Toothless's.

Toothless...

Hiccup gets back up and retrieves the items from Astrid's bag before sprinting across the clearing to where his dragon is waiting. The other two have just finished fighting and are slowly making their way to meet him, watching curiously as he sits down beside Toothless and, expertly, cleans and wraps his dragon's wound.

With the faintest of ironic smiles, Hiccup's ever-thinking brain decides something. _Looks like the challenge did come in handy..._

* * *

><p>AN: Gaaahhhhh! I am so so so so so soooooo sorry this is such a short chapter. But (in case you haven't been to my profile lately) my teacher decided to give us a project due overnight and it was SOOO TIME CONSUMING! Literally ate up all my writing time...*_

_**But at least I got a little chapter out, right...? R-right...?
**_

**Next chapter will probably be the last!**

13. Chapter Twelve

**Chapter Twelve**

_**A/N: I don't think I've ever strayed this far from an outline before... XD And so sorry about the late update guys! I may...have overslept. T_T**_

**In response to...**

_The Wolf Raven: __**I don't think I'll be continuing any of my older series (unless you have a request...?) But yes, I'll be writing more HTTYD fanfics after this :) As for specifics, I'm not sure yet. I suppose my best advice is just to keep an eye on my profile for the next few days to see when/what my next story will be.**_

_Greath: __**Sorry, everything has to end eventually. But I'll have another story out soon, hopefully :)**_

_Jesusfreak: __**Lol, yup! Keepin' you on your toes!**_

* * *

><p>"Hiccup!" Astrid calls as she and Fishlegs race over to meet their friend. All of the young Vikings look disheveled; their faces blackened with soot, their hair singed, and clothes smelling of smoke but Astrid had seen Hiccup pass out a few minutes ago and, while he's now back on his feet and patching Toothless's wound, she's still can't help but be concerned. "Are you okay?" She asks, placing a hand on his shoulder.<p>

He nods and offers a little, comforting smile. "I'm fine, just got a little...woozy from the heat." Then, he turns to Gobber. "Thanks for saving me, by the way...I would have been a goner if you hadn't showed up."

But the Blacksmith just snorts and folds his arms. "Nah, I doubt you'd have died! You'd probably just end up like Pigbutt, that's all..."

Hiccup grimaces at that thought but decides to ignore it.

"Speaking of what just happened, though..." The older man continues. There's now a firm tone in his voice and he's looking at the three teens as if they're children about to be scolded. "How long have Toothless, Stormfly and Meatlug been here?"

The Dragon Riders exchange weak looks, knowing they've been caught red-handed. Hiccup gets up, stroking his Night Fury's head to hopefully distract him from the discomfort in his leg. "Uhh, well..." He begins rather pathetically. "Think of this way, Gobber: You said we couldn't have an unfair advantage, but I never used Toothless to help with the competition! I did everything myself, right bud?" He asks, looking to Toothless for support.

Said dragon coos at his Rider and licks his hand.

"And I'm sure Astrid and Fishlegs didn't cheat either, right?" Hiccup says, turning to his friends. However, to his surprise, both of them are looking rather...guilty right about now. Hiccup frowns at her. "_Right_ guys?!"

Astrid flinches, offering him a nervous little grin. "It's not that I cheated...really...it's more like...Stormfly has a big appetite and, to feed her...I needed her help to get enough food... That's all."

"And Meatlug wouldn't let me do any of the heavy lifting...she can be so motherly sometimes." Fishlegs adds.

"Ohhh, seriously guys?!" Hiccup groans. That won't help their situation at all! But it's no use now. They've been found out. Might as well take punishment with some sort of dignity. "Okay, Gobber..." He mumbles. "The three of us broke the rules. So...what's our punishment?"

The older Viking sighs. "I really hate dealing out punishments..." He grumbles. "That's why I'm not chief material..."

_Right. THAT'S why. _Hiccup can't help but think.

"But you three _did_ go against my direct orders and need to-" Fortunately, his words are cut off at that moment by the sound of thunderous footsteps pounding through the trees nearby. And a split second later, a two-headed dragon bursts into the clearing, its Riders looking pumped and eager to fight.

"WHAT WAS ALL THAT NOISE JUST NOW?!" Tuffnut demands, excitedly.

"SOUNDED LIKE LOTS OF DESTRUCTION!" Ruff chimes in. "WE WANT IN!"

"Sorry, guys." Hiccup grumbles. "You just missed all the 'fun'. But on the bright side, you're just in time join us in receiving punishment for breaking the rules and having our dragons with us."

The twins exchange bummed out looks and go quiet, suddenly remember they made their grand entrance while riding their forbidden Zippleback.

"Wait, did _everyone_ have their dragons?" Gobber gasps.

The kids look at each other. "Well all of us did. Snotlout's not here yet so we can't be sure Hookfang is-"

"Oh yes we can!" Tuff interrupts. "When we found him at his camp, Hookfang guarding the tent and wouldn't let us get close."

"So we just left him!" Ruff giggles.

Despite the crazy siblings' idea of a good time, Gobber seems distraught. If all of the teens had their dragons then they _all_ cheated and no one wins. Except... "Ruff and Tuff, were you two camping together?"

The nod without another moment's thought, obviously not caring either way if that means they cheated.

"Astrid and Fishlegs, you both used your dragons to help survive?"

Both of them nod.

"And Snotlout was being guarded by his dragon, which means he wasn't surviving on his own either."

The Riders are looking amongst each other with confusion now. What is Gobber getting at?

"But Hiccup, you claim you didn't use Toothless for anything?"

Hiccup pauses, carefully thinking back. He really didn't. "I didn't." He assures him.

"And it looks like you've gotten pretty good at first aid." Says the

Blacksmith as he motions to Toothless's leg. "So I guess that means...Hiccup, you're the winner of the Hooligan Tribe's Annual Survival Competition!"

Hiccup blinks in shock. Really...? He barely has time to comprehend that, a minute ago, he was bracing himself to be assigned dragon-stall duty, and now, he's the winner of the competition! "But, wait...what about-"

But Astrid wacks him across the shoulder and cuts him off. When he doubles over to grab his bruised arm, she hisses in his ear, "Don't remind him! Just go with it!" And then, "Congrats, Hiccup!" She yells to cover it.

"Ummm...thank you?" He squeaks, feeling thoroughly bewildered and just wanting to go home.

"Yeah, yeah! Don't count your chickens yet, I'm beating you next year!" She assures him with a cocky smirk that is extremely contagious.

Soon, Hiccup finds himself chuckling at her. "We'll see." He responds with a mock-smug look. He doesn't know that he'll ever be able to win this thing again, but what he does know, is he can't wait to go home and return to the relative comfort of his house. He'll surely have enough to tell his father at the dinner table for a while...

* * *

><p>Later that night, Hiccup is sitting at said dinner table, staring at his father with a look of utter shock. "You knew Toothless was with me?!" He gasps.<p>

"Well of course I did!" Stoick snorts as if it's ridiculous that he wouldn't know. "Did you expect me not to notice when your five-hundred pound Night Fury suddenly stops begging for food at every meal? It became rather obvious where he went..."

"And you didn't do anything to let Gobber know?" Hiccup wonders.

"Eh, look at it this way," Stoick says. "Dragons are a part of our lives now. Might as well incorporate them into our traditions as well, right?"

Hiccup can only stare, mouth agape. Who is this guy and what has he done with Stoick the Vast? The boy's eyes narrow and inclines his head in thought. "So...does this mean you're going to eliminate the 'no dragons allowed' rule?"

Stoick winks at his son. "I might have a talk with Gobber about it..." He smiles when his son visibly brightens and turns to Toothless.

"Hear that, buddy? Next year, you won't have to sneak around and hide from everyone!"

But the dragon is looking particularly peeved right now. He doesn't feel like ever going into the woods again. If he has to step on another briar, he's pretty sure he's going to burn the entire forest

to the ground...

"Uh, he'll come around eventually...I hope." Hiccup mumbles, earning a chuckle from his father...

* * *

><p>Somewhere in the dense forest that surrounds Berk's village, Snotlout is still laying in his tent, a viscous Monstrous Nightmare keeping him trapped inside. From about a hundred yards away, all that can be heard is his stiff voice calling, "Hello? Anyone there? Hello...?"<p>

He's really wishing he hadn't insisted on splitting up from Hiccup now...

* * *

><p>AN: Yeah, weird way to end a story, I know but I think I've answered all your questions and wrapped up loose ends pretty well so...here you go. I hope you liked it! :D **_

**For information on my next HTTYD fanfic, keep an eye on my profile, that's where I keep all of my updates.**

End
file.